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E. Ryerson Young, Jr.

The Bells of Christmas

By

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TORONTO:

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The Bells of Christmas

Ring the bells of Christmas,
Here it is again!
Ring them out with glad new joy—
Peace, good-will to men!

Ring the bells of Christmas!
Tell the story o'er—
Of the Christ who loved mankind,
Opening heaven's door.

Ring the bells of Christmas!
Ring its joy, oh, Earth;
Ring its joy, ye heavens above—
Joy at Jesus' birth.

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Love Expressed

Is truth lost in the words that it proclaim?
To breathe the rose's fragrance, is't a blight?
Is gold less gold when fashioned by the flame?
Or does the sun grow faint when men see light?
Nay, the well-fed sun delights to pour his rays
And fill with light the little eyes of men;
The yellow gold would tip a pin and blaze
With equal grace as on a diadem;
The happy rose is proud to give its sweets
And fill the breeze with balmy airs of heaven;
While truth, that with eternal sweep completes
The circle of all things, to words is leaven.
Methinks I also may my love express,
Nor have it spoiled by giving it a dress.

The Sisters

Sweet knowledge reigns with grace and pride,
And knows her conquests well;
But meekly says: "My facts are but small stones
That play beside the ocean swell;
While Faith, with her transcendent wings,
Sweeps o'er the ocean broad;
And bears the humblest child of trust,
Up to the bosom of its God."

"'Tis true, I, Faith, sweep oceans broad,
And bask where vision fails;
But knowledge, sister is, and from her stones
I mount and spread my conquering sails.
The twinkling stars men see, by Faith
Grow into planets broad;
From words of love and deeds of light,
I bear souls up to God."

Nature's Song

The hills have voices, the trees have tongues,
And e'en on the lonely stream,
We hear the calls of joy and fear,
Like children in a dream.

Both high and sweet is the song of hope,
And sad is the cry of fear;
But firm and full is the note of faith,
Though the winds are fickle and drear.

Then sailing along, we hear nature's song
From forest and field and bay;
But the greatest and best, for the heart's sweet rest,
Is love's old roundelay.

Some Wishes.

May the auroras come out to greet you,
The stars in their courses give light;
May the moonshine be constant to meet you,
And the sun hold forth in his might.

May the children of nature not fear you,
The bares stop not in their play;
May the fawns skipping be near you,
And the partridges fly in your way.

May the rustling forests caress you,
The woods, their secrets confide;
May the streams pure nectar bless you
As in nature's haunts you bide.

Thou hast lit the lamps of love
In the temple of my heart;
Take my life a sacrifice,
And act the good priest's part.
Enter thou into the holies,
Claim thy part of all my soul;
Sanctify, with thine own love, the offering,
And all its blemishes will then be whole.